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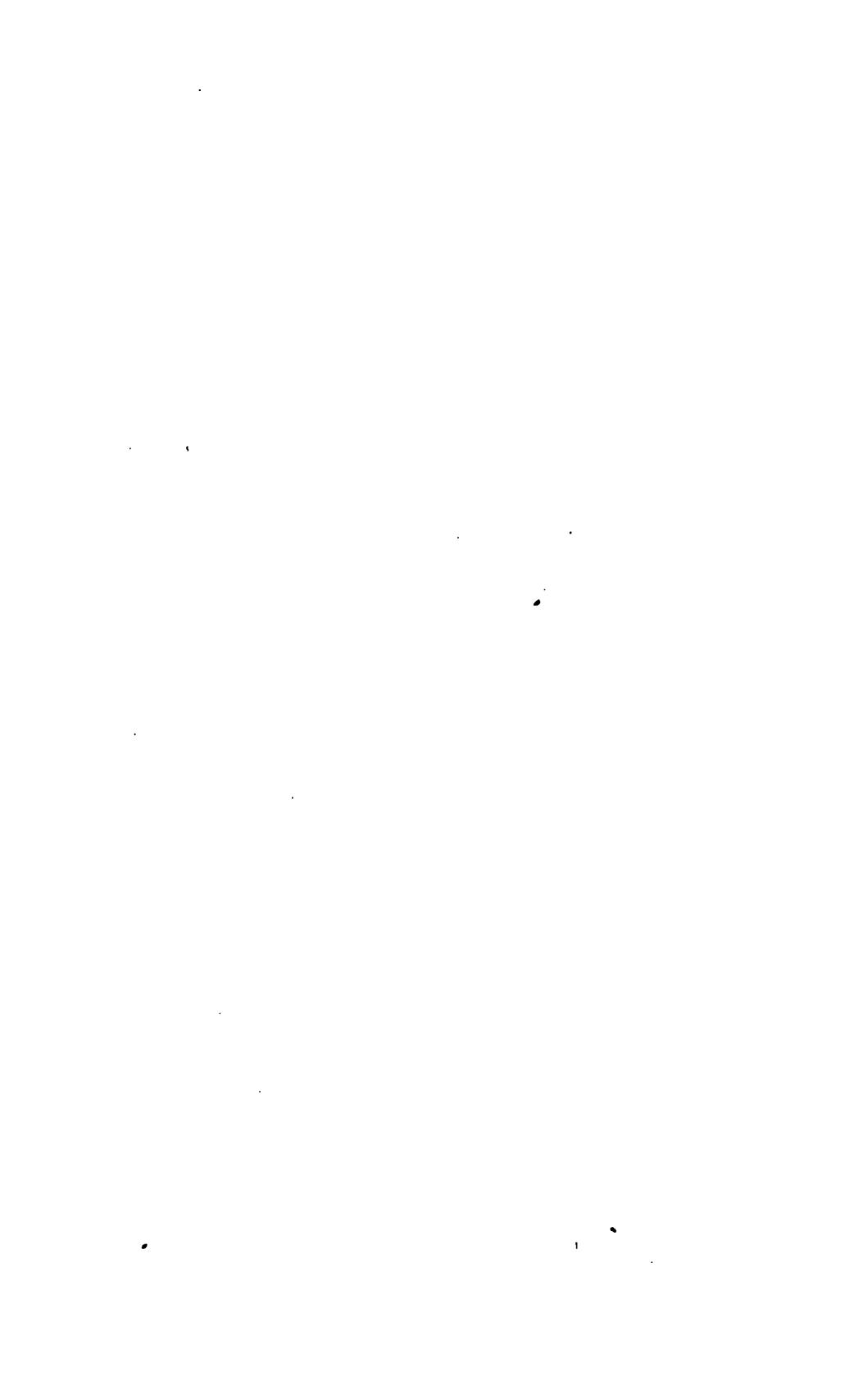
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HOP-O'-MY-THUMB,

OR

THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS,

A Romance of Nursery History.

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

GENERAL TOM THUMB,

BY ALBERT SMITH, Esq.

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

PRICE SIXPENCE.

London :

PUBLISHED FOR GENERAL TOM THUMB,

BY

T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET;

AND SOLD IN THE THEATRES;

Also by the General at his Public Levees in the Egyptian Hall.

1846.

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CHARACTERS,

AS PLAYED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON, 1846.

KING COLE, { *(a powerful Monarch, more inclined to social harmony than warfare)* } Mr. F. MATHEWS.

LORD THOMAS NODDY, { *(his Secretary, always writing what the King does wrong)* } Mr. TURNER.

ROBIN, { *(a Wood-cutter, who would cut more if he could)* } Mr. BENDER.

SOLOMON, { *(one of the Agricultural Classes, wishing to enter into a union with Margery)* } Mr. EMERY.

ARTY,
MARMY,
FRANKY,
JEMMY,
TOMMY,
HARRY, } *(the Woodman's six eldest Sons, with little bodies, but enormous stomachs)* } Masters

HOP O' MY THUMB, { *(the Youngest — a tartan cute little brick, first-rate to go a-head, and no mistake)* } **GENERAL TOM THUMB.**

FIGARO, - - - - - MASTER ALBERT PAYNE.

Three Fiddlers, attached to KING COLE's private band; Soldiers;
Heralds; Peasants; People; &c. &c.

BRIDGET, (ROBIN's Partner, a rural Mrs. Caudle) Mrs. WOOLLIDGE.

MARGERY, { *(a Country Girl, about to marry, and quite ready)* } Miss ARDEN.

Female Villagers and Friends of the dramaist personæ, &c. &c.

GRIMGRIFFINHOOF, { *(a mighty Ogre; a descendant of the King of the Cannibal Islands)* } Mr. SILVER.

GRABALOTTA, { *(his Wife, with all the pride of being wife to such a great man)* } Mr. COLLYER.

EMMY,
FLOSSY,
BESSY,
POLLY,
ROSY,
ANNIE,
WEE PET, } *(The Ogre's Daughters)* - - - } Miss

OBERON, { *(the Fairy King, and not a bad-looking one either)* } Miss HODSON.

FRIAR RUSH, (a mischievous Sprite) - - Miss TURNER.

MOTH, (the King's Remembrancer) - - Miss HICKS.

Fairies; Sprites; &c., &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A large forest by moonlight. On the right a bank of daisies, one very large and practical. A cottage at back, with a light in the window. In the centre a large mushroom, on the top of which OBERON is seated drinking from a cup. Fairies are grouped about the stage, and others dancing round him in a ring to the following.*

CHORUS.

AIR—"Follow the drum."

All in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower do hum,
We dance all night 'neath moonbeams bright,
So hither ye elfin revellers come.
No prying mortal's eyes we fear,
They know right well they can't lodge here.
Be ours the pride, and ours the glory
To reign the monarchs of nursery story.

All in the merry, &c.

Oberon. There! that will do. Halt! Ground arms! (*the fairies lie down.*) Sit at ease! (*They recline.*)
We'll now proceed to business, if you please:
And fairy watchmen, e'er the morning's light,
Proceed to take the charges of the night.
To business: quick! you've had enough of sport,
Go! call Friar Rush, our beadle, into court.

[*Music. "Trip it," from Merry Wives of Windsor. Fairies go out and return with FRIAR RUSH, (a fairy dressed as a monk) carrying a lanthorn with a light on a pitchfork.*]

Oberon. You're welcome, Friar Rush: approach our throne;
I trust, since last night, round the earth you've flown.
A little mountain dew first let us take.

Rush. With pleasure. (*They take wine.*)

Oberon. What report have you to make?

Rush. Sire, I have play'd those tricks the whole night through,
Which, Shakspeare says, Queen Mab was won't to do.

Oberon. Shakspeare! who's he?

Moth. A person who wrote plays,

But very little known, Sire, now a-days.

Oberon. We never heard of him.

Moth. Sire, that's no wonder,

For latterly he has been much kept under.

Undone by foreign ballet dancers' spells:

I think his house of call is Sadlers' Wells.

Oberon. Well, never mind: we'll read his book some day.

Go on, Friar Rush—what were you going to say?

Rush. Your Majesty, I spent the livelong night

In filling timid mortals with affright.

Sometimes across a farmer's nose I'd hop,
 Then dream't he of a spoilt potatoe crop.
 Sometimes a railway-monger's nose I'd cross,
 And then he'd dream of scrip sold at a loss.

OBERON. Enough. I doubt not, making all this fuss
 Was fun to *you*; but what have you for *us*?

RUSH. (*approaches OBERON mysteriously.*)

Sire, I have something for your ear alone.

OBERON. Fairies, retire! some distance from our throne.
 (*The fairies fall back.*)

Now, Rush, go on: no listeners are near.

RUSH. Your Majesty! last night whilst watching here
 Forth from yon cottage there, there chanc'd to come
 A little man no bigger than your thumb.

OBERON. Alive!

RUSH. And kicking.

OBERON. Pshaw! I can't believe you.

RUSH. Think you, your Majesty, I could deceive you—
 I've got him here.

OBERON. Where?

RUSH. Close at hand, all right:

I shut him in a filbert for the night.

OBERON. You've frightened him to death.

RUSH. No—not at all.

His pluck is great, although he is so small.

OBERON. (*to fairies*) Subjects! you may approach. About us range,
 We're going to show you something very strange.
 Now, where's the nut?

RUSH. The squirrels are such thieves,
 I covered it all over with these leaves.

[RUSH goes to the heap of shrubs, puts them on one side, and discovers a large filbert.]

OBERON. You want some crackers, Friar. So ho! steady!

RUSH. Your Majesty, it has been crack'd already.

[*Music.* RUSH tears away the covering of the filbert; pulls down the front part of the shell and discovers HOP-O'-MY-THUMB coiled up in the nut, as if asleep.]

OBERON. That thing alive! there must be some mistake.
 He's fast asleep.

HOP. Oh, no! I'm wide awake!

[*Music.* HOP-O'-MY-THUMB gets out of the nut, stretches his limbs, pantomimes that he is glad to get out, and dances.]

OBERON. Well! this beats every wonder of the age.

We'll keep him near as our private page.

MOH. (*with a book*) What name shall I put down in our Court Journal?

HOP. The General!

OBERON. You mean to say the *Kernel*.

What should you like to do?

HOP. To go home straight,
 Or I shall just get lick'd, I calculate.

Oberon. You'd best stay here with us, my little man.

HOP. I can't.

Oberon. You'd better.

HOP. Catch me, if you can.

[*Hurry. HOR-O'-MY-THUMB runs up the stage and all the fairies after him. He dodges them about, and at last creeps into the eye of the daisy, which immediately closes up. They cannot imagine where he has gone. Tableau. The scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*The interior of the wood-cutter's cottage—a poor dilapidated place. A salt box hung behind the door. Stools and a table.*

Enter ROBIN and BRIDGET. ROBIN is carrying a little bundle of sticks.

Rob. I tell you 'tis no use, wife: near our hut
There's scarcely any timber left to cut.
These railway schemers, levelling far and near,
At last have got a railway even here.
They've felled the timber which once grew so thick,
And even I, at last, must cut my stick.

Brid. Nonsense! there's plenty left, and I can show it.
You're getting idle, Robin, and you know it.

Rob. I, idle! when I work till after dark,
And always leave my bed before the lark.

Brid. Except when at the beer-shop, sir, you call,
After *that* lark, you don't get up at all.
You ought to be ashamed—you idle sot.

Rob. Pray am I master here, or am I not?

Brid. You know you're not: there chop your wood—don't dawdle.

Rob. (*angry*) Bridget—you're ten times worse than Mrs. Caudle.
Only at night her lectures she'd renew,
But day and night are all the same to you.
Come, where's my breakfast?

Brid. Breakfast, did you say,
We shall not have a thing to eat to day!
You know our cupboard's in a wretched plight—
All our potatoes perish'd with the blight.
And whilst these railway gentlemen encroach
On the preserves, there's nothing left to poach,
Not e'en an egg.

Rob. Our seven children too
Will want their breakfast soon. What can we do?
Why were those seven small boys to us tied?

Brid. All your own fault, like everything beside.

Rob. Hush! wife, they're coming. We shall have a treat
When they find out there's nothing here to eat.

[*Music. The six children, beginning with a grown up one, and gradually diminishing in size, run in one after the other, and sing this*

CHORUS.

AIR—"Pray, papa; pray, papa."

Pray, papa; pray, papa, do not keep us longer,
Pray, papa; pray, papa, we are very good.
Pray, mama; pray, mama, if you'd have us stronger,
Pray, mama; pray, mama, let us have some food.

Rob. My loves, I grieve to mention,
With very good intention,
The state of things is rather shy,
Your wish I cannot satisfy.
Brid. So, therefore, pray keep quiet,
You'll thrive upon low diet.

All. Pray, papa; pray, papa, &c., &c.
Pray, mama; pray, mama, &c., &c.

[*They group round their father and mother.*]

Brid. Silence! you little imps: leave me alone.
Arty. Oh! give us something; if it's but a bone.
Rob. Pshaw! people don't eat bones.
Brid. Don't they? oh! stuff,
They eat them in the Unions fast enough.
[*BRIDGET goes to the closet and gets out a bone, which is all it contains.*]
Look—there's a picture.

Rob. Wife, throw it away.
Brid. Husband, I'm sure I shan't; for as they say,
To little folks, who don't much like their meat,
(*gravely*) There's many little children in the street
Would jump at such a bone.

Rob. If that is true,
They must be sharper set than me or you.
Brid. Husband! (*in a rage.*)
Rob. Wife! I implore; now do keep quiet. (*knock*)
Somebody knocks; don't let them hear the riot.

[*Music. Enter MARGERY and SOLOMON, apparently very angry.*]

DUET.

MARGERY and SOLOMON. AIR—"Bow, wow, wow."

[*MARGERY sings to ROBIN, and SOLOMON to BRIDGET.*]

We've come now to complain of what would set a saint a
swearing,
The conduct of your youngest son is really past all bearing:
He gets too mischievous by half, unless you use subjection,
He'll find his size, however small, will not be his protection.
Now! now! now!

Punish him at once if you'd avoid a row.

Rob. You seem excited, Margery; how d'ye do?
Marg. (*turning away*) I'm none the better, Sir, for seeing you.
Brid. Solomon, lad, you're looking very warm.
Sol. Well! hav'n't I enough to make me storm?

- Rob. Heyday! what's this? Come, cheerily, my man;
Can I allay your wrath?
- Sol. Of course you can.
You know that child of yours—the youngest brat,
The imp that I could cover with my hat.
- Brid. The General Tom Thumb, d'ye mean to blame?
- Sol. The General Torment, were a better name.
He steals into my farm and drinks the milk,
- Marg. Unrounds my reels, and tangles all my silk;
And two nights since—confound his sleepy head—
I actually found him in my bed!
- Sol. Yes, think of that; it really is too much!
I'm her young man; and will behave as such.
- Brid. But, Margery, so proper and so steady
Know's what to do.
- Sol. (*angrily*) She knows too much already.
Where is the criminal? at once reply.
Where is he? (*to Robin*) I appeal to you, and cry.
- Rob. I wish I knew. Ho! General, if you're near,
For the last time of asking: are you here?
- [*The lid of the salt box is thrust up, and the General puts his head out.*]

AIR—"Yankee doodle."

Yankee doodle is my name,
America my nation,
In ladies hearts I raise a flame
Of general admiration.
Yankee doodle, doodle, doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
I love to kiss their pretty lips,
As sweet as sugar candy.

- Sol. Let me get at him; and I'll wring his neck.
- Rob. Now, Solomon, keep still; your passion check:
Question him first, and see what he replies.
- Sol. His answers will be nothing else but lies.
- Marg. Nay; hear him out.
- Sol. I won't.
- Brid. You shall, you bear!
Now, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, explain how came you there.
- Hop. We're starving: so I meant to catch some quails,
And get some salt to put upon their tails.
- Sol. (*advancing*) You little villain!
- Marg. Stop! your vengeance stay.
Poor things! they have not tasted food to day:
Here, in my basket, I've got something nice;
Come, children, you shall have it in a trice.

[*Music. She lifts the GENERAL out of the salt box and puts him on the table. He kisses her. SOLOMON is jealous, and gets a mop to hit him. The GENERAL dodges him about, under the table and round the legs, and at last creeps into the basket.*]

- Sol. You reptile! will your mischief never cease.

- HOP. (*Puts out a white handkerchief on a stick.*)
This is my flag of truce. I cry for peace.
[*He gets out, and sits on the table. Robin and wife come to front.*]
- Rob. Wife: I have hit upon a famous plan
To rid us of our brats.
- Brid. Ingenious man!
Explain your notions.
- Rob. To the forest straight
I'll lead them; and then leave them to their fate.
- Brid. A good idea.
- Rob. Here goes then to begin it.—
Listen to me, my children.
- HOP. Stop a minute.
Wait till I get another slice of bread—
There, I'm all right. Now, Governor, go a-head.
- Rob. My children, I am going to cut some wood,
And, as a treat, if you'll be very good
I'll let you help me.
- HOP. (*aside*) Oh! it's very plain,
He's going to cut, but not to come again.
I smell a rat! The path we do not know.
And so I'll drop these pebbles as I go. (*shews them.*)

AIR AND CHORUS.

"Through the wood."

- Rob. To the wood, to the wood, they'll never find it,
Lost in each hollow, and dingle, and dell.
- HOP. Through the wood, through the wood, come, never mind it,
Follow your leader, and all will be well.
- Chorus.* To the wood, &c.

[*They go off singing, headed by ROBIN. MARGERY, SOLOMON, and BRIDGET remain behind.*]

[*When they are gone the tune changes to "Old King Cole," upon a Cornet. Peasants enter; then five miserable looking soldiers; then three fiddlers; SECRETARY, bearing a pipe and pot, and, lastly, KING COLE. People, &c.*]

AIR—"King Cole."

- King. Oh! I'm King Cole,
And a military soul
As ever you'd wish to see.
And as long as I've got
My pipe and my pot
I don't care for anybody.
With my fiddlers three
And my Secretary,
And my army, I'd face old Nick.
Of my foes to a man,
I make mincemeat when I can,
When I can't, why I cut my stick.

- Chorus.** For old King Cole is a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul is he;
And as long as he's got his pipe and his pot,
He don't care for anybody.
- King.** My loyal subjects: silence I beseech,
I'm going to make a most tremendous speech.
Lord Thomas Noddy.
- Sec.** High and mighty king.
- King.** Pass me the royal pewter. (*drinks*) That's the thing.
And now then to address the working classes.
Are you all ears?
- People.** We are.
- King.** Then listen—asses!
We're going to put our courage to the proof.
The monstrous ogre, named Grimgriffinhoof,
For some months past has made the deuce to pay,
Eating, at least, one family per day:
The fathers make his breakfast-relish, broiled,
The mothers, down to dinner-soup are boiled,
He toasts the grown-up children—
- People.** Oh!
- Sec.** (*knocking one down.*) Silence! gabies!
- King.** And for his supper scallops all the babies.
We go, this horrid monster to subdue,
And risk our own great self to shelter you.
My Lord Tom Noddy!
- Sec.** High and mighty king.
- King.** Our valiant army to our presence bring.
[*Secretary inclines his head, and then marches round at the head of the five soldiers to the air, "See the Conquering Hero comes." When they have marched round, the King interrupts them, once or twice, without being heard.*]
- King.** Halt! (*louder*) HALT!! or I'll slay every man alive.
My Lord, how comes it that I see but five?
Six started forth this morn. How comes this, pray?
- Sec.** The Ogre bolted one upon the way—
He would have taken me, I have no doubt,
But that he thought I wanted filling out,
- King.** This looks alarming: danger's drawing nigh—
Last week he put my uncle in a pie.
At that our outcry was not very great,
Because we were left heir to his estate;
But when he comes so close upon our track,
We think the plan is safest to go back.
- Sec.** (*eagerly*) Oh, most decidedly, (*aside*) soon as we can.
- King.** My Lord, we're glad that you approve the plan,
Then we will put ourselves upon the shelf,
And you shall win the glory by yourself.
- Sec.** Sire—I had rather not upon my word,
- King.** Silence! this modesty is most absurd.
[*He strikes him back. Music. ROBIN rushes in hurriedly and goes to his wife.*]

Rob. I led them onwards till they lost the way,
And then I left them there.

King. What's that you say ?

Rob. Sire, I'm afraid the story's rather long.

King. Well, we love music, tell us in a song.

Advance my fiddlers. Now, don't be afraid.

All birds that can, and won't sing, must be made.

SONG—ROBIN.

"*Ri tooral, looral.*"

I am an old chap of the west country,

And I built this house upon somebody's ground ;

But I'm sorry to say, until trade is free,

Not an atom of bread in the house can be found.

Ri tooral, looral, looral, &c.

I've six small children crying for food,

But I've nothing to give 'em bad, middling, or good.

So I led 'em away to the thick of the wood,

And left 'em all there to get on as they could.

(*weeps*) Ri tooral, looral, looral, &c., &c.

[*Whilst he is singing the last verse, and during the symphony, the children re-appear, led on cautiously by HOP-O'-MY-THUMB, who takes up the next verse.*]

But here we are, once more got home,

In the forest it got too cold to roam.

So we'll open our mouths, and shut our eyes,

And see what you'll send us by way of supplies.

(*Chorus, all.*) Ri tooral, looral, looral, &c., &c.

Rob. Good gracious me ! how did you all get back ?

HOP. I let some pebbles fall upon the track,

And found the way. Ah ! you may stare, 'tis true !

I calculate I'm just as cute as you.

King. Good gracious ! what is that ?

Rob. My youngest son,

Of six, the cleverest, smartest, smallest one.

King. It can't be true.

HOP. It is, without a hum :

I am the real, original Tom Thumb.

King. Most mighty sir ; you're just the man we want.

Pray will you head our troops ?

HOP. I guess I shan't.

Make me a noble, and I'll stay with you.

King. We've no objection ; but what can you do ?

HOP. Oh, anything. (*He advances and speaks to Orchestra.*)

Just play a nigger air.

Now, look, your Majesty, I'll make you stare.

SONG.—GENERAL.

"*Lucy Long.*"

Oh ! if you will listen to me

I will sing a little song.

It's all about my sweetheart,

The lovely Lucy Long.

So take your time Miss Lucy,

Miss Lucy, Lucy Long. (*Nigger dance.*)

All. (*at the end.*) Bravo! bravo!

King. He's really very cunning.

Hop. I'll shew you something else that's rather stunning.
You don't know half my dodges. (*gets a little straw hat.*)

Only look.

I'll dance a hornpipe now—like T. P. Cooke.

[*General dances a hornpipe. As he concludes, a frightened man runs in, pale and trembling.*]

King. The devil damn thee black! thou cream faced loon,
Where got'st thou that goose look? Speak out, you spoon.

Man. Oh!—Sir,—your Majesty—I beg your pardon—
I'm out of breath.

Hop. We don't mind that a farden.

Now, what's the row?

Man. The giant is at hand.

He's swallowed down another of your band.

King. This looks like danger. Sentinels! be wary:
Keep to your posts. What ho! my secretary.

Lead on to victory,

Sec. (*afraid*) I'm nearly dead.

I can't.

King. Then forward, General, instead.

Hop. I shan't.

King. You must.

Hop. Oh! well then, if you please,

I will review the troops. Now—Stand at ease!

[*March. The GENERAL reviews the army with a large sword. When he has done, he marches at their head, his brothers bringing up the army. SOLOMON does not like to go, but MARGERY pushes him. As the last soldiers disappear the GENERAL runs back between their legs. Takes a sight, and goes off at the side.*]

SCENE III.—*A wild part of the forest. In the centre a practicable tree. Bell flowers growing, L. and large leaves. Thunder and lightning. Hurry. Lights down.*

SOLOMON enters running, with a small pocket handkerchief tied over his head. L.

Sol. Oh! dear! oh! dear! what shall I ever do?
This pelting storm has soak'd me through and through;
And though I like a jug of home-brewed, yet
I really cannot stand this heavy wet.
If I could find some shelter I would stop;
Oh! blow the wind! I wish the rain would drop.
Somebody comes, unless my ear deceives;
Perhaps these trees will shield me. By your leaves.

[*He shelters himself under the trees. MARGERY enters R. with an umbrella and patten.*]

Sol. Halloo!

Marg. Good gracious! Solomon, is that you?

Where have you got?

Sol. Here.

Marg. Where?

- Sol. I wish I knew.
You've got an umbrella to yourself,
Pray take compassion on a poor soak'd elf.
- Marg. I'll teach you to be jealous, sir, again.
Stand off! and cool your frenzy in the rain.
- Sol. But, Margery, I'm dripping with the weather.
- Marg. Whether or no; we will not walk together.
You're justly punished, stupid.
- Sol. (*kneels*) I implore.
Forgive, and I won't do so any more—
Take me with you; and let us cut this wood.
- Marg. But, Solomon, will you promise to be good?
- Sol. I'll promise altogether to reform.
- Marg. Come, then.
- Sol. (*rises and takes her arm*) Oh! here's a comfort in a storm.
[He conceals their faces with the umbrella, and kisses her.]
- Marg. Now, Solomon, I blush, sir, at this folly:
It's very wrong.
- Sol. Yes; but it's very jolly;
Of all love making ways, it is confess'd,
That umbrella courtship is the best.
- Marg. Come, let's go home; and, to avoid delay,
Suppose we have a galloppe all the way.
[Post Horn Galloppe & Umbrella. Exit.]
- [When they are off, music changes to "Where the Bee sucks." HOR-O'-MY-THUMB appears under a large umbrella, with a short stick, which nearly covers him. He advances to the front of the stage.]*
- Hor. I've got here first by making a short cut,
At risk of being drowned in every rut.
I met with many dangers on the road:
First, I'd to fight a combat with a toad,
I thrash'd him though, after a precious row;
Next, I was nearly swallowed by a cow.
But here I am, first-rate, and right at last—
I'm sure that King Cole's army has not pass'd,
And so I'll try and let my brothers know
That if they fight for him 'twill be no go.
I hear them coming: now then,—let me see,
Where shall I hide? I have it, up this tree.
- [Music. He shuts up his umbrella and hides it; and then begins to climb the tree. When he gets to the fork he puts the branches on one side and finds a bird's nest. He takes out eggs, eats one and puts the rest in his pocket. He then gets into his nest, when a large bird flies on and attacks him. He fights with the bird and, at last, kills it. He then hides himself with the leaves.]*
- [March heard. Enter King Cole's army. The SECRETARY, first, with a lantern on a pitchfork, and umbrella; then the KING and the four soldiers, under umbrellas; and, lastly, the six BROTHERS all under one large one.]*

- King. Most valiant troops: the weather's very bad,
And board and lodging's nowhere to be had.
We've march'd on much too far to travel back,
And so we think we'd better bivouac.
- Sec. Most high and mighty king, where can we go?
- King. My Lord, that's not our business: we don't know.
- Sec. Stop! I've a thought.
- King. Be careful how you use it,
You've got so few you can't afford to lose it.
Say on, my Lord.
- Sec. Suppose we try and sup
At that great castle we saw lighted up.
- King. I've no objection. Let us go, and see—
But how about this troop of infantry?
- [Points to the Brothers.]
- Sec. You don't wish them to go.
- King. (to SEC.) Not in the least:
We'll leave them here, a prey to some wild beast.
Just see us humbug them (to brothers). My comrades dear,
We're going to seek some shelter: you stay here.
And then we'll bring you back some pretty toys,
And tarts and apples. There's good little boys.
Now march! Good bye: we shall be back anon,
Ere one of you can say Jack Robinson!
- [March repeated. The children get under the tree.]

CHORUS.

AIR—from "*Le Chalet*."

Some things to eat we'll very soon bring back.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! we'll find a bivouac.

[The troops file off. The King offers the Secretary the head place, who bows, and gets behind. The King also gets behind, and at length the Secretary brings up the rear. As they march by the tree HOP-O'-MY-THUMB takes the lanthorn from the pitchfork and hides it with him in the nest.]

- Arty. They've gone: and left us in a pretty plight:
I bet they wont come back again to night.
- Marmy. What must we do?
- Frank. Go back.
- Arty. Who'll lead us, pray?
- Frank. I will—that is, I think I know the way.
Along the road I let some bread-crumbs fall.
- Marmy. Pahaw! by this time the birds have eaten all.
The General could shew us where he here.
Ho! HOP-O'-MY-THUMB!
- Arty. Now, small boy, are you near?
- [Music. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB pushes aside the branches and discovers himself in the nest.]
- Hop. Halloo! my boys! What do you want with me?
- Marmy. Tell us, like sister Anne, what can you see?
[HOP-O'-MY-THUMB stands up in the nest and looks about.]
- Hop. I can see nothing—either left or right.
Yet, stop a minute.—Yes—I see a light. (They huzza.)

- Arty. Lead us towards it.
 Hop. I'm so tired, brother,
 I cannot move one leg after the other.
[Music. He gets out of the tree.]
- Arty. What can we do?
 Marmy. Look here, my boys: I've found
 This wondrous engine lying on the ground.
[He drags forward an enormous shoe from behind the foliage.]
- Arty. Why---it's a boat.
 Hop. It is not: it's a snoe.
 Marmy. Well, never mind: so long as it will do.
 Arty. It is the giant's blucher sure enough,
 I think we'd better leave it here.
- Hop. Oh stuff!
 Tie all your scarfs together for the reins,
 And then I'll let you draw me for your pains.
 But stop a bit: ere on the road we get,
 I must find something to keep off the wet.
[Music. HOP-O-MY-THUMB gathers a large bell-flower which he puts on his head, as a helmet, and then plucks a large leaf and makes a cape of it: with a bulrush for a whip. He gets into the shoe, whilst the Brothers have been harnessing themselves to it with their scarfs. As they are about to start OBERON appears from one of the trees.]
- Oberon. Ho, fairies! to my orders: quick---attend;
 Be your's the task to guard our little friend.
 Keep off all danger by your magic power,
 And lead him safely on to yonder tower!
- [Music. The fairies of the first scene appear carrying lights made like transparent bell flowers. They form about HOP-O-MY-THUMB who sits in the shoe, and is drawn on by his Brothers in a grand procession.]*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle of the OGRE. In the scene are two Gothic alcoves, with curtains drawn. A door R., another L. Against the wall, on pegs, are hung some dresses, two or three being exactly similar to KING COLE'S army.*

At the rising of the curtain the OGRE'S wife, GRABALOTTA, is seated at a table with a huge rod, teaching her seven daughters, who are sitting all of a row, getting gradually smaller and smaller, from a large book.

CHORUS.

NURSERY AIR—"Boys and Girls come out to play."

Let your girls now go to play,
 We've been here working hard all day.
[They get up, and joining hands dance round her. She beats them, and they resume their places.]

- Grab. Silence, you plagues, I won't have such a noise ;
 I'm sure you're ten times worse than any boys.
 Now mind your lessons from this precious book,
 Called, as you know, " The Ogre's Perfect Cook ;"
 Which your dear father loves so to peruse
 Before he puts his victims into stews.
 Against to-morrow learn these things to do—
 " How to make soldiers into Irish stew,"
 " To grind bones into bread, by the new mill,"
 " To devil lawyers for a breakfast grill "— [*A knocking.*
 Hark ! what's that noise ? Keep still, you noisy brats ;
 Open the door—it's raining dogs and cats.
 [*Music. The door is opened, and KING COLE, the SEC.,
 and two Soldiers enter, all wet through.*
- King. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose shoes, wet through and through, won't do much
 more,
 Whose army's dwindled to the shortest span ;
 Give us in-door relief, ma'am, I implore.
- Grab (*aside*) Our larder's nearly empty ; they will make
 A supper for my spouse, and no mistake.
 (*aloud*) With pleasure, gentlemen, come in I pray ;
 What can I do for you ? Your wishes say.
- King. What have you got to eat ?
- Grab. I rather think
 We've plenty. (*Looks at them.*)
- Sec. Ask her what she's got to drink.
- King. (*hits him*) Silence, low fellow ; if again you speak,
 I'll kick you to the middle of next week.
 [*SEC. retires abashed, and backs against one of the chil-
 dren, to whom he bows very politely.*
- Sec. What a sweet child ! What name, love, do you own ?
 [*He goes to pat her cheek. She bites him.*
- Oh, dear ! She's bit my finger to the bone !
- King. The more fool you to let her, stupid man ;
 Rub up your wits a little, if you can.
 [*Hits him again. He retires.*
- Grab. I beg your pardon, sirs ; don't mind her, pray.
 She's fond of biting people—it's her way.
 I'll go and find you some cold meat and bread.
 Come, children, it is time to go to bed.
 (*aside to them*) If you are good, and cause me no more sorrow,
 You shall have one of them to eat to-morrow.
- AIR—GRABALOTTA.
- " Oh, slumber my darling."
 So slumber my darlings,
 And don't make a rout ;
 To-morrow I'll give you
 A famous blow out.
 Those gentlemen both,
 And the soldiers you see,
 They all shall be roasted,
 My darlings, for thee.
- [*They exeunt to the symphony, through the alcove on the R.*

King. They're gone; and now to make all sure once more,
Place our four sentinels outside the door.

Sec. Sir, you forget; the ogre by foul theft
Stole two away—and only two are left.

King. True; so he did. My infantry, I see,
Ere long will be reduced to you and me.

[*The two Soldiers go to door; one of them exits, the other remains on guard within.*]

Well, let that pass; we'll put on these old clothes;
Who they belong to, goodness only knows.

[*They take down garments, and put them on; Sec.'s too large. Music.*]

Sec. Mine don't fit very well.

King. Well, never mind,
They can be taken in a bit behind.
How do mine look?

Sec. (*starts*) Unless my eyes deceive me,
You're very like your uncle, sire, believe me!

King. The uncle that the Ogre ate?

Sec. And those,
If I mistake not, are his very clothes!

King. Oh, horror! horror!

Sec. Stop, sir, that's not all;
Look at that suit of clothes against the wall.

King. They were my soldiers; ah! the truth I see—
This is the Ogre's—and it's all U. P.

Sec. What shall we do?

King. We don't know, on our life,
Somebody's coming. It must be his wife.

Enter GRABALOTTA.

Grab. I hope you found the things just as you wish'd.

Sec. Oh quite so, madam. (*Aside*) We are done—

King. We're dish'd.

Grab. The rain keeps coming down, so hard and steady,
I've ordered them to get your bedrooms ready.

Sec. (*aside*) We're dead men, if we stop; don't do it, pray.

King. I'm sorry, madam, we must go away.
But they expect us both at home to sup—
I've lost my latch-key, and they're sitting up.

Grab. You really cannot think of going yet.

King. Indeed we'd rather; we don't mind the wet.

(*Noise at the door.*)

Who's that?

Grab. My husband.

Sec. Oh! I hope it ain't.

King. My Lord Tom Noddy, we are going to faint.

[*They both totter and lean against each other. The sentinel runs away. Music. The Brothers enter dragging HOR-O'-MY-THUMB in the shoe.*]

Grab. My patience! who are you?

HOR. Excuse us, pray;
In this great forest we have lost our way.

- King. (*aside*) My limbs shake so, I don't know what to do.
Quick! hide yourself, my Lord, or I'll hide you.
[*During the interview, they conceal themselves behind coats, &c.*]
- Grab. You've got my husband's shoe.
Hop. We found it near.
Grab. Oh! miserable babes to wander here.
Hop. Don't he like children, then?
Grab. Nay; that's his fault.
Hop. He loves them so, he'd eat them without salt.
Hop. What do you mean?
Grab. (*importantly*) You are beneath the roof
Of the dread Ogre, great Grimgriffinhoof.
[*Chord. The Children scream and get together.*]
- Sec. (*Puts his head out from behind the cloak.*)
Your majesty, we'd reason for our fears.
King. (*looking out also*) Silence, you ass; or else I'll slit your ears.
[*Sec. quickly conceals himself.*]
- Hop. I calculate we're rather in a fix;
And so I vote we try and cut like bricks.
Grab. You cannot leave the house, but must stay in it.
The Ogre I expect home every minute.
Hop. (*kneels with all of them*) Oh, madam, save us; show us
where to hide.
[*The Ogre roars without. They scramble on their legs.*]
- Grab. That's him. Stop; there's a spare room on this side,
Get into bed at once.
Hop. Now, brothers, come,
We'll do him, or my name's not Hop-o'-my-Thumb.
- [*Music. They hide in the alcove L.; the roar is repeated, and GRAB. opens the door. GRIM. enters; he is carrying some soldier's clothes in his hand.*]
- Ogre. Blood, bones, and human flesh! famine and thunder!
What wretched mortals have been here, I wonder?
I found a soldier watching at the door,
And ate him up. (*Looks at clothes.*) There, wife, there's
something more.
[*He pitches the clothes with violence against where the KING and the SEC. are hiding.*]
- Sec. (*peeps.*) He's eaten one more soldier.
King. Peace, I say.
Sec. But we've none left; the other ran away.
King. Keep quiet, or I'll wring your wretched throttle.
[*They disappear.*]
- Ogre. Wife, I am thirsty—bring my private bottle.
[*GRAB. brings an immense bottle. The OGRE drinks.*]
- Ogre. I'm better. Stop—methinks I smell fresh meat.
Grab. I've got a fine young heifer, for a treat.
Ogre. No, it is human flesh; I'll search myself.
Sec. (*peeping*). I want to sneeze.
King. Keep still, you senseless elf.
Sec. I can't.
King. You must.

- Sec. I can't.
 King. Pooh! hold your nose.
 Sec. That's of no use; it must come out. Here goes.
[The Sec. sneezes violently.]
 Ogre. What's that? (*To his wife.*) Does any wretched rival dare
 To call here when I'm out?
(He walks about, and approaches the alcove L.)
 Grab. Oh! don't go there.
 Ogre. Woman! I'm sure what I suspect is true.
[He peeps through the curtains; starts, opens them a little, and takes out HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.]
 Ogre. Heyday! what's here? Small morsel, who are you?
 HOP. Oh, if you please, don't eat me; let me go,
 You'd better wait until I bigger grow.
 Ogre. You never will grow bigger, imp, depend on't.
 Here, take this tit bit, wife, and make an end on't.
[Music. He gives HOP-O'-MY-THUMB to his wife. The children all run out and scream.]
 Ogre. Halloo! what means this squalling crowd I see?
 HOP. Have pity on a wretched family.
 We're not in good condition; thin as weasels.
 And we're not wholesome—we've just had the measles.
 Ogre. You'll do to fatten. (*To HOP.*) I like you the most.
 I'll have him, wife, for supper—poach'd on toast.
 Grab. Oh, let him wait; he's much too small. Forsooth,
 He'll hardly serve to fill your hollow tooth.
 Ogre. Well, boil him down, then, for a cup of soup,
 And keep the others underneath a coop.
 Let them have lots of food; with kindness treat 'em,
 And when I think they're fat enough, I'll eat 'em.
 Grab. With hunger and fatigue they seem half dead,
 I think to night they'd better go to bed.
[Music. GRAB. collects them together, and motions them to follow her. As they pass a closet, HOP-O'-MY-THUMB opens the door, gets in, and shuts it. The OGRE sits at table. The others disappear behind the curtains of alcove. L.]
 Ogre. Oh! where on earth can you such treasures find
 As a clear conscience and a virtuous mind:
 I'm ready now in peaceful state to sup.
 Ho! wife, make haste and serve the dishes up.
[Music, "The Roast Beef of Old England." GRAB. comes out; goes to closet in which HOP-O'-MY-THUMB is hidden, and opens it. Nothing is seen but a large pasty, which she lifts out, and puts on the table. During this scene, there is comic by-play by the KING and SEC., who are still hiding behind the clothes.]
 Ogre. There; you may go; and wait until I ring.
[Exit GRAB.]
 A draught of pale ale will be just the thing.
(He looks about the table, and into bottles.)
 There's not a drop. I quite forgot to tell her,
 So I must go myself into the cellar.
 There is a fresh nine-gallon now on tap,
 So ho! this way. Ah! this should be the trap.

[*Music.* "Down amongst the Dead Men." He goes down the trap. KING COLE and SEC. come carefully from their hiding-place and approach the table. Just as they are going to eat the pasty the top lifts up, and HOP-O'-MY-THUMB appears in his night gown. KING and SEC. run back alarmed. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB gets out carefully, and, descending by the chair goes to the alcove R.; draws the curtain and discovers the OGRE's seven daughters all asleep in bed, with gold coronets on their heads. He gets up behind the bed, and takes all the coronets off; then goes to the alcove L. On the curtains being drawn, the six brothers are seen all asleep in bed, in white night-caps. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB steals the cups, and puts the coronets on their heads; and then drawing the curtains returns to alcove R. the curtains of which he also draws. The KING and SEC. again advance to the table, when the voice of the OGRE is heard underneath the stage singing. They run back again, and HOP-O'-MY-THUMB comes out and hides behind the curtains of the alcove in which the boys are, just as the OGRE re-appears up the trap with a cask of beer. He puts it on the table, and seats himself.

Ogre. So! now I mean to sup, whate'er betide.
(*He looks at the pasty.*)

Halloo; this pasty's lost all its inside.
There have been thieves. Those boys alone could do it.
Oh, miserable rascals, you shall rue it.
I'll serve them out; then hang each little glutton
Till he's as tender as a haunch of mutton.

[*Music.* He takes a large carving-knife and sharpens it on the floor. Then goes to the alcove L., and, drawing the curtains, discovers the boys asleep, with the coronets on their heads.

Ogre. The golden crowns! I was about to make,
What would have been a terrible mistake.
Those are my seven daughters it is clear,
And the half-dozen villains must lodge here.

[*Music.* He goes to alcove R. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB appears, and wakes his brothers. He then leads them to the door and they exeunt.

King. My Lord Tom Noddy, let us venture. See!
The door is standing open. We are free.

[*Music.* The OGRE re-appears just as the KING and his SEC. are going out. He roars at them and frightens them dreadfully. The SEC. gets down a cloak and throws it over the OGRE's head, and whilst he is entangled in it, kicks him and spikes him behind with his sword. The trap opens, and the soldier who had run away comes out of the coal cellar, with his face very dirty. They all run off by the door.

Ogre. Ho! they escape; but I won't lose my prey.
My seven-league boots.

[*He takes down his seven-league boots, and puts them hastily on.*

Now then; away! away!

[*He strides rapidly out of the door. The scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A Country Landscape, with Rocks, &c. (Second Entrance.) A Grotto on L. A Bank R.*

Enter MARGERY and SOLOMON, quarrelling.

Sol. Now, Margery, you really are to blame.

Marg. Sir, I am not; you always say the same.
You're wrong.

Sol. I'm not.

Marg. I say you are, you muff,
Don't speak, sir, you have bored me quite enough.
This constant jealousy is much too bad—
Enough to drive a poor young woman mad.
I'm sure, you brute, you wish to see me die. (*Weeps.*)

Sol. No, dear, I don't. Margery, duck, don't cry;
I am so sorry.

Marg. Yes, sir, you are right;

A sorrier person never met my sight.

Sol. But still I love you.

Marg. Pooh! but an excuse!
You know two lovers always are the dence.

Sol. (*kneels*) I won't do so again. Accept my suit.

Marg. Your suit don't fit at all, you ugly brute.

Sol. (*rises*) No, come now; ugly! no. To trust my eyes,
I think I'm rather handsome for my size.

(*coazing*) Margery, my darling, come, don't make a fuss;
Now, kitsy! make it up. Give me a buss,
There's a good girl.

Marg. (*coquetting*) Now, never more be jealous.

Sol. I won't, but then you must keep off the fellows.

DUET—SOLOMON and MARGERY, ending in a Dance.

[*As it concludes, a horn is heard.*]

Marg. What's that?

Sol. The Ogre; coming, perhaps, to steal us.

Till he has passed, this grotto shall conceal us.

[*They enter the grotto. The horn is repeated, and then enter KING COLE, on a donkey, led by the SEC., and followed by the only remaining Soldier of his army, who carries a drum.*]

King. Halt, valiant army; brave brigade, fall in.

[*Soldier stoops, and makes a desk of his back.*
My Lord Tom Noddy, write the bulletin.

[*SEC. gets out paper and ink horn.*]

Sec. With pleasure, sire. Now, then, numskull, steady.

[*Soldier moves. SEC. kicks him.*]

Here's to begin. Your Majesty, I'm ready.

King. (*dictates*) "After a fight, by various chances lost,
"In which one single man alone was lost—"

Sec. One man alone! Great King, we had but two.

King. I know it. Never mind, sir, that will do.
"Alone was lost. His Majesty perform'd
"Great feats of valour, and the castle storm'd."

Sec. Sire, we but hid ourselves.

King. (*angry*) No more digression;

The better part of valour is discretion.

"We took one horse—"

Sec. Great monarch, it's an ass.

King. They can't know what it is, so let it pass.

Cries. (without) Help! help!

King. Lord Secretary, what's the row?

Find out this very moment—(threatening) or I vow—

[Music. Hurry. The Children enter running, with HOP. last. They surround the KING.]

CHORUS—CHILDREN.

"The Campbells are coming."

The Ogre's a-coming! oh, dear! oh, dear!

The Ogre's a-coming! oh, dear! oh, dear!

The Ogre's a-coming! our fear is benumbing!

The Ogre's a-coming! oh, dear! oh, dear!

The Ogre is coming, &c.

King. Do I hear rightly? What is that you say?

HOP. Your Majesty, the Ogre comes this way.

King. Then we had better go.

HOP. You can't retreat,

He's put his seven league boots upon his feet.

[Roar without.]

He's coming near.

King. Brave army, mind your eye;

We have no other chance left but to fly.

[The Soldier beats a retreat. They all prepare to go off R., the Soldier last. As he is going, an enormous arm appears L. and takes him away. He still beats his drum, and cries out until dragged off L.]

King. Well, that will satisfy him for a minute.

Where can we hide?

HOP. This cave—there's nothing in it.

[Music. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB directs them, and they go into the grotto. Immediately after they rush out in confusion, followed by SOL., who is in an attitude of defiance, and MARG.]

Sol. Stand off, if you would live! What do I see?

My wretched little rival.

HOP. Yes; it's me.

I beg your pardon: hope I don't intrude.

I'm afraid you think me rather rude.

Sol. You do intrude. So, come, we'll have it out.

How could you tell what I might be about.

There is my gage. (He throws down his glove.)

HOP. There's mine. We're going to wage

The battle of the broad and narrow gauge.

But I'm not proud. Your sword, sir—let me try;

Now prove yourself as good a man as I.

[Music. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB runs to the KING, and pulls his sword out of the sheath. Sticks the SEC. behind with it, to see that it is sharp, and fights a desperate combat with SOL. At last he loses his sword, and as SOL. is going to run him through, he runs between the other's legs, and throws him down; he then stands upon him in an attitude of triumph.]

Sol. Pardon, great conqueror.

Mar. Oh, spare his life.

Hop. (*Lets him get up.*)

For this, sir, you may thank your future wife.

All. Beaten by Hop-o'-my-Thumb! [*They all laugh.*]

Sol. Come now, no chaffing.

[*A roar without.*]

Hop. Hark! there he is; he'll soon stop all your laughing.

King. It is the Ogre! We are dead with fear.

Hop. The devil catch the hindmost: he is here!

[*They exeunt rapidly into the grotto. When they are all in, the*

OGRE appears, holding in his hand the clothes of the Soldier.

Ogre. I've captured the last soldier of my foes,
And swallowed him all up, except these clothes.

I find him rather heavy of digestion:

To sleep or not to sleep—that is the question.

I'll just take forty winks—a quiet doze

Upon that bank whereon the wild thyme blows.

[*Music. "Bye baby bunting." The OGRE goes to sleep upon the bank. As soon as he snores, HOP-O'-MY-THUMB comes quietly out with his Brothers, and shows them the boots. His Brothers take them off carefully, and put him in one of them, which moves off by itself, whilst the other follows him. The KING., SEC. SOL., and MAR. come out of grotto.*]

CHORUS.

Bye, baby bunting;

We'll stop his hunting.

The Ogre's form is very grim,

But we will prove a match for him.

[*They prepare to start. Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Martial music. A HERALD enters, blowing a trumpet, followed by BRIDGET and ROBIN, Populace, &c.

Herald. Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! a proclamation;
The kingdom's in a state of consternation:
A frightful ogre here has fixed his station,
And walks off daily with the population.
Whoever frees us from this situation
Shall be created highest in the nation.
We pledge ourselves to this, upon our soul—
So help us several steam engines.

(Signed) COLE.

Rob. Do you hear that, my precious wife?

Brid. I do.

Some one should gain the prize; pray why can't you?

Rob. I am not naturally bold, my dear;
Would that our little Hop-o'-my-Thumb were here.
We're punished for our crime. Alack! alack!
Depend on it, they'll never more come back.

Rob. I do not give him up; he's got his wits.

[*A noise without.*]

Brid. Gracious, what's that?

Rob. I'm frightened into fits.

[KING COLE enters hurriedly in great alarm.]

King. Oh day of double horrors! oh! oh! oh!
He's gone! chawed up! digested! woe! woe! woe!

Rob. Whose loss, great monarch, do you now deplore?

King. Our faithful Secretary is no more.
The best of all my ministerial bunch,
The Ogre has just swallowed him, for lunch.
Whoe'er avenges this last dreadful deed,
Unto my throne shall instantly succeed.
Who volunteers to go? Speak up, you loons,
I think you said you would.

[He goes to ROBIN; ROBIN shakes his head.]

Weak-minded spoons,

Have you no thirst for glory? Follow me;

Our watchword be—King Cole and Liberty!

[Trumpet. KING COLE assumes a warlike bearing to work up the enthusiasm of his hearers. He gets them to rush off en masse O. P., and then turns round and walks quietly off P. S.]

SCENE IV.—*The Fairy Gardens of OBERON. A beautiful Landscape, with parterres, fountains, &c., about which the fairies are grouped. In the centre, an elegant little pavilion, supposed to be the fairy abode of HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.*

AIR—"Where the Bee larks."

Oberon. Fairies, the rosy morn begins to break,
'Tis time the General was wide awake.
Ho! Friar Rush: no longer let him lie,
This day is big with his high destiny.

[Music—"If you're waking call me early." RUSH goes to the palace; the front sinks down and discovers HOP-O'-MY-THUMB in his chamber. The room is beautifully furnished, everything being in proportion to the size of HOP-O'-MY-THUMB—chairs, couches, cheval glasses, chandeliers, bed, &c., &c., wax candles burning everywhere about. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB is reclining on the sofa, in a magnificent robe de chambre. Air—"Lass of Richmond Hill." A little washerwoman enters with a basket of clean linen, which she puts in the wardrobe. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB sees her, expresses his love, and kisses her; she runs out. Air—"I love her, how I love her," to which HOP-O'-MY-THUMB pantomimes. He rings the bell and his valet enters; HOP-O'-MY-THUMB tells him, by motions, that he wishes to be shaved. The valet goes out, and HOP-O'-MY-THUMB admires himself with much complacency in the glass. Air—"Largo al factotum." A barber enters, dressed as Figaro, and goes through the operation of shaving with HOP-O'-MY-THUMB. When this is over, he puts on his armour. Martial music, and KING COLE enters, with ROBIN, BRIDG., MARG., SOL., &c. The fairies run away.]

King. See—here he is. Ho! General, be quick,
Finish your toilet; there's a little brick.
The safety of the States your aid requires. [Gives a letter.]

HOP. I will do anything the State desires.
[HOP-O'-MY-THUMB breaks the seal with importance, and reads the letter.]

HOP. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
 If you can't borrow one, take one by force:
 I'll make the Ogre prisoner. Away!
 My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!

[Trumpet duet in "Puritani." HOP-O'-MY-THUMB leaves the palace, and immediately re-appears mounted on a very little basket-horse, richly caparisoned. He rides by the others, who cheer him, and exits.]

King. He won't be long upon his dangerous ride,
 He's got the Ogre's seven-league boots outside.
 They will transport him from us in a crack,
 And at the same quick rate will bring him back.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Marg. That's him already.

Sol. Nonsense!

Marg. Never fear,
 You'll see I'm right: I always am. He's here.

[Grand triumphal march. The fairies enter, dancing, and then a procession commences. The six Brothers precede HOP-O'-MY-THUMB, who holds the OGRE and his wife in chains, still riding before them; then come the seven children, the OGRE, guards, people, &c.]

CHORUS FROM "NORMA."

Now let the brazen trumpet's clang
 Break this degrading silence;
 And let the row of the big drum's bang
 Be heard, be heard, a mile hence.

HOP. Your Majesty, accept the trembling slave.

[He drags the OGRE to the KING]

King. Let him be hung.

Grab. *(To HOP.)* My husband's life pray save,
 And you shall do with him whate'er you choose.

HOP. I'll keep the monster, then, to black my shoes.
 My father—mother—bless you, friends, all round:
 Wealth, honour, titles, and a wife I've found.

[He selects the smallest of the OGRE's children.]

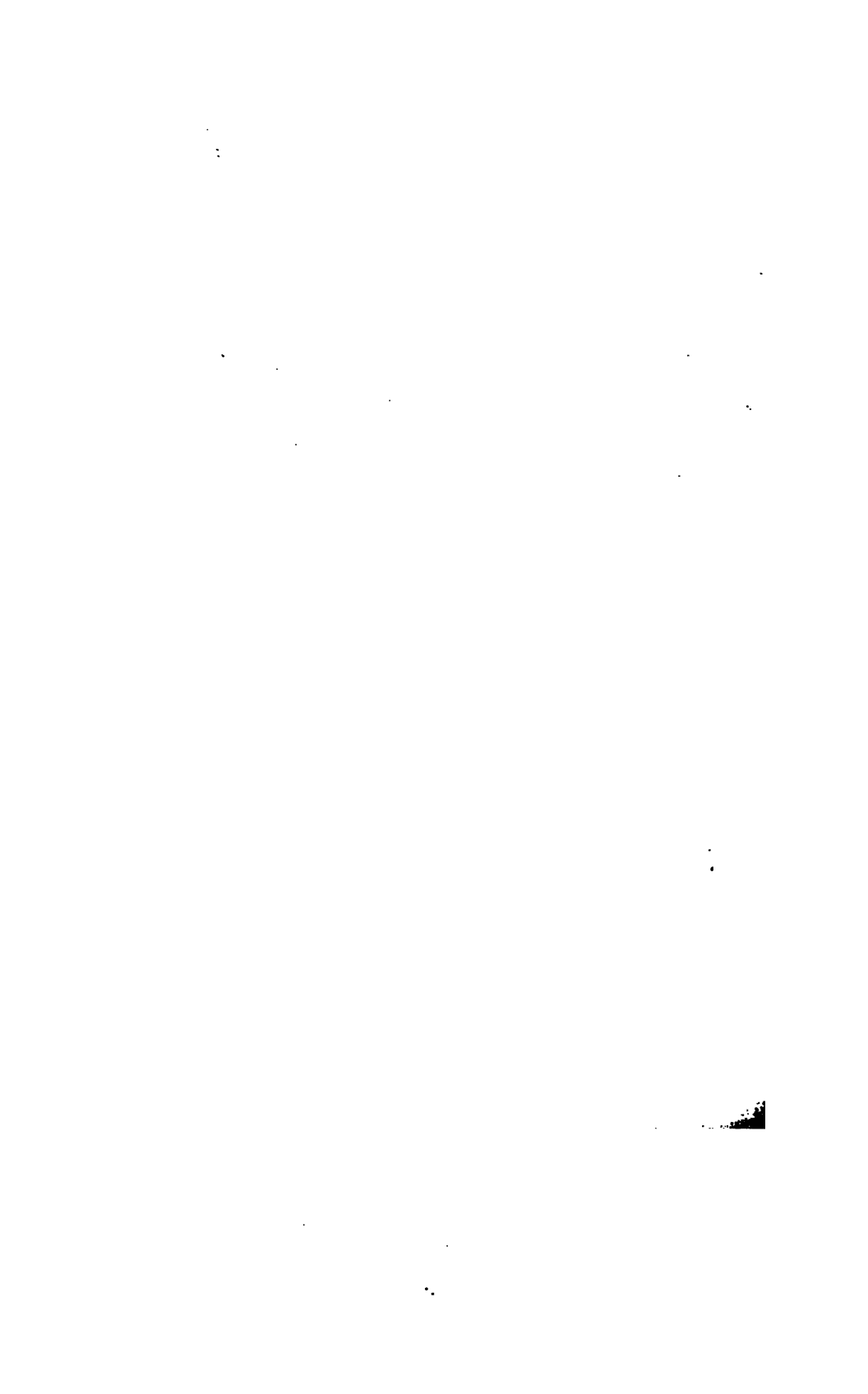
Go, order to this spot my own state carriage,
 And then, at once we'll celebrate the marriage.

To the Audience.

Although at night I may seem no great catch,
 I hope, kind friends, that you approve the match;
 Without your smiles and hands no luck can come
 To your devoted General, TOM THUMB.

[The equipage comes on, and the GENERAL enters his miniature Chariot, which carries him off the stage.]

GRAND TABLEAU.





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